

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE STREET.

BY JAMES B. LOWELL.

They pass me like shadows, crowds on crowds,  
Dim ghosts of men that hover to and fro,  
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds  
Wherein their souls were buried long ago.  
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,  
They cast their hope of human kind away,  
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove.  
And conquered, and their spirits turned to clay.  
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,  
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,  
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."  
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace  
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

### SPRING.

Deep and powerful souls adjust every thing in silence, and make no noise with their doings and themselves. They go on their way like the works of God. In deep silence the sun ascends the heaven; silently sinks the night down upon the earth. What prepares itself in greater stillness than the re-awakening of nature, and what is more glorious than the spring?

The saps circulate in the bosom of the earth. The spirits of the elements pass over it, and nod, beckon, and call to one another. They desire to bloom in an earthy shape, and each one to express their souls in their own way. The external sun overflowing existence with a gush of warmth; towards which all buds shoot forth in order to be formed and fashioned by the spirits of the elements. Quickly do these move their glorious shapes—silently, without labor, without lustre; thus does genius form its beautiful productions. The moment is come, and nature spreads abroad its marvels. There shoots the foliage, perfect in its parts, a marvel as great as the greatest in the world. Out of the bosom of the rocks springs the tender moss, and clothes them with softness. A thousand blossoms open their chalice, a mystery of beauty, for mankind is incomprehensible as their Maker. The humming insects unfold in wide space their purple wings—they are the free born of nature—therefore do they hum, drum, life, and sing. All is beautiful, great and small! Every individual part so perfect, and the whole—who is able to comprehend the harmony, the affluence, and the manifold forms of life.

The spring in the North is not what it is in the South, a slow awakening of nature out of a long sleep. It bursts forth at once like a youthful, joyous laughter. Yesterday there lay a mantle of snow on the earth—to-day it is gone, and the trees are in leaf. How the snow-fowl crows in the woods, how play the grouse, how sings the thrush, how odorous are the birches! Mountain and valley adorn themselves with the gay flowers—the heavens swim in a sea of light! The sun will not go down; the night shows its countenance only for some minutes and then again disappears. In these moments of twilight, the snowy summits of the mountains all burn in flame and fill the valleys with a fairy light.

A deep transport vibrates through the heart of nature. Every where breathes life, warmth, and fragrance—and activity in every creature, from man to the smallest insect—a voluptuous joy.

A GREAT DOG.—Colonel Hooper, of the "East Alabamian," has a dog named "Ponto," whose sagacity and exploits deserve to be handed down to posterity in an "immortal verse," as much as the exploits of Achilles or the intrigues of Paris. During a late hunt, which he describes at length in the "New York Spirit," they were encamped on the Oakchum hatches Creek, where Ponto's sagacity and his new plan of catching wild ducks were both shown. "About night fall," Hooper says, "immense flocks of ducks descended into the little stagnant pools around us, and excited greatly the admiration and astonishment of Ponto, who has a mortal antipathy for ducks, growing out of the ill treatment he frequently receives at home from several individuals of that species, who help themselves out of his dish when at his meals. Here was a chance for revenge which the sagacious animal did not let slip. About midnight he awakened us, and giving us to understand that he had something on hand, he silently crept into the nearest lagoon, and with stealthy tread came upon a fine flock as they rode at anchor, near the shore, like a fleet of little boats. He gently touches the tail of one with his fore paw—the duck takes its head from under its wing—in an instant Ponto seizes the head in his mouth, crushes it before the note of alarm could be sounded. Thus he despatches, one by one, the whole flock! In the morning he piled up before us twenty-seven fat ducks. We instantly voted him a silver collar."

TIME.—Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posteth and the sand runs. In all these actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that for which on our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing Time keeps his count and pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue; but the difference which follows us on good actions is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, yet it lays up a treasure for eternity, and will recompense what it taketh away with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with expenses of time; so it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. Time is a ship, which never anchors; while I am abroad, I had better do those things that may aid at my landing, than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come to the shore.

It is the temper which creates the bliss of home, or disturbs its comforts. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle. Her home is in the forbearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition, anxious to give and receive happiness.

A distinguished writer says: "There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men; and that is the golden rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so them.'"

It is a curious fact that, during the South Sea scheme, more persons lost their senses by the sudden acquisition of great wealth than by the loss of it.

A wit and a fool in company are like a crab and an oyster; the one watches till the other opens his mouth, that he may catch him up.

## THE WHIG STANDARD.



"Flag of the free! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high."

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**HENRY CLAY,**  
OF KENTUCKY.

WASHINGTON.

TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1844.

Van Buren's opinion of the present Tariff.

The letter published by the Richmond Enquirer places this opinion on record, without equivocation, and it is well to keep it in mind:

"ALBANY, Feb. 23, 1843.  
"My Dear Sir—I thank you very kindly for your friendly letter. I HAVE AT NO TIME, NOR ANY WHERE, HESITATED TO EXPRESS MY DECIDED DISAPPROBATION OF THE TARIFF ACT OF THE LAST SESSION, AS WELL IN RESPECT TO THE PRINCIPLE UPON WHICH IT IS FOUNDED, AS TO ITS DETAILS. In good time you will have my views in respect to that and other subjects before the public."

In the mean time, believe me to be, very sincerely, your friend and obedient servant,  
MARTIN VAN BUREN."

### THE WARFARE IN CONNECTICUT.

The election soon to take place in the State of Connecticut—old "Steady Habits"—is looked to by both parties with an intense feeling, as it is one of much importance. On the result depends the election of one United States Senator, if not two; and besides this, it will show how the political current is setting at the North. On this account, and as an index of the fall elections, every one which now takes place is important. The opponents of Mr. Clay, feeling the contest in Connecticut to be of immense consequence to them in the moral effect the result is to have, are laboring with extraordinary zeal and assiduity to secure a continuance of their way. To this purpose they have inundated the State with pamphlets, one of which is entitled "Mr. Clay's duels," in which are duly set forth all the circumstances attending one or two affairs of this kind in which he has been engaged, during a long life spent in a community in which custom and public opinion formerly required every personal difference to be settled in this manner.

And who, gentle reader, think you, is the author of this pious, this sanctimonious appal to the people against one whom he styles "a duelist?" No other, we assure you, than Amos Ken- fall! Yes, pious Amos! He who supported with such zeal, and now professes so much affection and regard for one who deliberately shot his antagonist in a duel, after he had fired and missed him! We have nothing to say against General Jackson on account of his duels, in which, unlike Mr. Clay, he took the life of his fellow-man; we only desire to bring the fact forward as a proof of the sincerity and piety of Amos, and all who assist in distributing this pamphlet. It shows how extremely conscientious they have suddenly become, and what sincere horror they have of a duelist! Did Mr. Clay ever get into a tavern fight with pistols and dirks, shoot down one man, and receive the ball of another? Did he ever, after his antagonist had fired and stood at his mercy, take deliberate and cool aim, and lodge his ball in his body? If so, we never heard of it. Did pious Amos ever support one who did this for the Presidency?

But we have no fear of the effects of such attacks; their object is too palpable; the malevolence and inconsistency of those who make them too apparent. They invariably recoil upon the heads of the party and the individuals who make them. The people are too sagacious to become the dupes of such weak but vindictive men.—They know very well that charges brought forward against public men years after the incidents and circumstances complained of happened, originate in sheer malevolence. They very naturally inquire why these things are raked from the ashes of time where they had long been buried? Why is it that men obnoxious to charges affecting their moral or political character should have for so many years received the support and countenance and the highest possible evidences of the confidence and attachment of their neighbors—those who know them best? Are the facts now set forth, with all the sanctimony of an inbred hypocrite, by the pious Amos, new? Were they never before brought to light? never before known? Yes, long ago; and who cared or cares for them? But who is he that thus attempts to stab Mr. Clay? Who is the individual that shows his gums, and would bite if he could? It is the ingrate whom Mr. Clay found sick and in need—almost of bread—and took into his family, nursed into health, and then gave employment to as a tutor of his children. It is the viper that was warmed into life, if not in Mr. Clay's bosom, at least in the bosom of his family. "The most damnable vice, and most ageant justice, in my opinion, is ingratitude," saith the ancient writer, Sir T. Elyot. "It is one blot upon all morality; it is all in a word; it

says amen to the black roll of sins: it gives completion and conformation to them all," saith South; and so say we—so says every honest man.

### MR. VAN BUREN vs. THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

At the request of a friend, we give place to the following letter addressed to Mr. Van Buren, and a portion of his reply thereto.

It will be seen that the committee appointed to address a letter to him, denounce those who thought proper, in the exercise of the privilege of freemen, to vote for General Harrison instead of Martin Van Buren, in 1840, as having cast "a stain" upon the country, which must be wiped away, they say, by his re-election. In responding to this sentiment, or LIBEL, rather, he adopts and reiterates it, saying that "the belief that the use of such means," [these means were the publishing and reading to the people public documents showing the profligacy and extravagance of his administration—of his standing army project, and his Sub-Treasury, sub-hungry scheme] "contributed to the result of 1840, must have lowered the character of our people in the estimation of mankind" &c. We remember that Mr. Van Buren, when Secretary of State, instructed Mr. McLane to beg of England, as a boon, which we should have demanded and received as a right, a treaty in regard to our trade with her West India Colonies—(a ruinous treaty by-the-by)—did that lower us in the estimation of mankind? If not, it ought to have done so. Did the people sustain the Senate in its manly course on that occasion in rejecting the nomination of a man who had humbled us by begging a boon of the British Government? Unfortunately they were carried away by blind party zeal, and in their earnest desire to prove loyal to their party, forgot or overlooked the "stain" that had been put upon our national character. Instead of being rebuked Mr. Van Buren was rewarded for this humiliating act. But here follows the correspondence:

[From the Harrisburg Democratic Union.]

HARRISBURG, Jan. 20, 1844.

HON. MARTIN VAN BUREN:

Dear Sir: With this letter you will receive a copy of the proceedings of a State Democratic Mass Meeting, held at the Seat of Government of Pennsylvania, on the 17th inst., which we have the honor to forward in compliance with a resolution adopted at that meeting.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania, in common with their brethren of the other States, are anxious to wipe away the stain which rests upon our country in consequence of the result of the election of 1840. It will be a glorious reversal of that decision to reinstate you in the position which you filled with such distinguished honor to yourself, and advantage to the country; and a return to those republican principles which characterized your administration, and that of your predecessor, will give assurance to the friends of liberty, that our republican institutions are destined to be perpetual.

We ought never to despair of the republic when the popular voice is left to the guidance of reason and virtue; now, these are in the ascendant. Then, reason was dethroned, and a whirlwind of passion, folly and madness, swept through the land. The deceived votary, like the wanderer in the desert, led by the mirage, pressed on to grasp at delusive representation. The sober second thought will redeem us from such errors and place the American character and popular suffrage in the high position to which they are justly entitled.

Your firm and inflexible adherence to republican principles, demand our admiration, and fully entitles you to the warm support of every Democrat and friend of his country, and in so doing he feels the assurance that he is advancing and sustaining those principles which directed a Jefferson, a Madison and a Jackson.

Be pleased to accept the assurance of our high regard.  
Very truly, your friends, &c.

### EXTRACT FROM MR. VAN BUREN'S REPLY.

"Singular as it may seem to those who are not in a situation to judge correctly of the circumstances, it is nevertheless true, that a condemnation by the people of the United States, of many of the means to which our opponents had recourse in that canvass, is not less important to the permanent welfare of our country and its political institutions, than the overthrow of the principles they labored to establish. While the effects of the success of the latter were in a measure limited and temporary, the employment of the former struck at very the foundation upon which our political edifice was based."

It has hitherto been our pride to live under political institutions which are founded upon reason and virtue, in the establishment of which neither force nor fraud was employed, and we have cherished the belief, that it is only by an inflexible observance of the exalted principle which prevailed at the period of its formation, that our Government can be upheld. Without more particularly noticing the humiliating details to which you allude in your communication, can it be pretended that there could be any expectation of success for such efforts unless founded upon the assumption that the popular voice was not "under the guidance of reason and virtue," or upon the supposition that the moral principles of the people to whom those degraded appeals were made, might be corrupted by a resort to such practices! The belief that the use of such means contributed to the result of 1840, must have lowered the character of our people in the estimation of mankind, and if so, how much would their respect for us be diminished, should the coming canvass be so conducted as to establish the impression that the American people are liable to be always thus imposed upon! Liability to occasional errors is an infirmity from which no individual is exempt. What right have we then to expect that communities should be infallible! But there is a wide difference between an occasional aberration, and a confirmed defect of character. Can we expect the people of this country to maintain the elevated standing in the eyes of the world, which they have hitherto enjoyed, if, after the lapse of years, and the fullest opportunity for reflection, they suffer themselves to be a second time operated upon by appliances, from the use of which every friend to free government must turn with mortification and disgust?

You do not therefore, gentlemen, in my judgment, over-estimate the importance which the

proceedings of 1840 are destined to give to those of 1844. Considerations will be brought into view by that connection, of greater magnitude than any which have ever been involved in our political conflicts, and compared with which all personal and party interests dwindle into insignificance.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,  
Your friend and obedient servant,  
M. VAN BUREN."

The following from the Madisonian of Saturday has more meaning than meets the eye. It is significant, and we hope will be understood by those who style themselves "we." "All right, go ahead."

### AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

Extract from a letter to the editor.

"Enclosed I send you \$10 to pay for ———, Madisonian. The work is going on finely. We shall again be victorious!!  
"Norwich, Conn."

Now, what "we" desire to know is, which side "we" are on. We hope our respected correspondent will inform us as soon as possible. I "we" are to be "victorious!!" it is but proper that "we" should know who is to be defeated, "hat "we" may point our guns in the right direction.

We believe there are but two tickets in the field, and that the candidates, on one side, were nominated by the same convention which passed resolutions denunciatory of the Administration and in favor of a certain rejected individual.

We trust none of the friends of the Administration can be led, by advice from any quarter, including Washington city, to endorse attacks on the Administration.

A Locofoco member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, (Mr. GARDNER,) on Monday, announced to the astonished assembly, that "history informs us that Napoleon Bonaparte wished to take some property for the purpose of erecting a mansion for his son Louis Philippe." [The laughter here prevented the remainder of the sentence from being distinctly heard.] The Senator from Hampshire, (Mr. LAWRENCE,) immediately rose and returned thanks for the information Mr. GARDNER had communicated to the Senate.

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.—The Maryland Legislature continued its session until a very late hour on Saturday night, and then adjourned sine die.

The number of laws enacted by this body during the session just ended is three hundred and sixty.

The bill for the sale of the State's interest in all the works of Internal Improvement has passed the House of Delegates. All efforts to amend the bill so as to provide for the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the waiver of the State's liens on that work, proved ineffectual. The Senate, however, rejected the bill, on account of its anomalous character and the insufficiency of time for its consideration.

### TEN GOOD REASONS.

The Southern Chronicle, among many other good things, lays it down as a clear case that South Carolina ought not to support Mr. Van Buren, for the following reasons. Will the people read them carefully, and see if the most of them are not as conclusive against him any where else, as they are in South Carolina.

1. Because he used every exertion in his power to induce Congress to prohibit slavery in the State of Missouri.
2. Because he claimed political equality for negroes, by voting in the New York Convention to extend them the right of suffrage.
3. Because he voted in the Senate of the United States to prohibit the introduction of slavery into Florida.
4. Because he has admitted the constitutional power of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.
5. Because he was the adviser of the Proclamation and Force Bill.
6. Because he carried out the abominable doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils."
7. Because he appointed and sustained a corrupt and dishonest set of men to the public offices of the country.
8. Because he has cheated Carolina's favorite son out of the Presidential nomination, by management and intrigue.
9. Because he and his party are unworthy of public confidence, having never kept any pledge it was their interest to violate.
10. Because he has held the office of President for one term, from which he was ejected by the people, and branded "Mene Mene, Tekel."

The Locofocos in Connecticut have for a long time been consulting together on the subject of the Tariff. They don't like a high tariff, a protective tariff, nor a judicious tariff; but at a public meeting recently held they solemnly resolved that they were in favor of a "satisfactory tariff."

We suppose, then, so far as the Locos are concerned, they have settled this long agitated question to suit themselves. We understand them now very distinctly; they are in favor of a "satisfactory tariff." Very satisfactory explanation.

JACOBINISM.—Some of our Locofoco neighbors (says the Philadelphia Forum) think we apply harsh language to the editors of the Globe, Albany Argus, Neutral Ledger, and other papers of the same character. All we have to say is, that we cannot "hold a candle" to some disappointed locos, who are supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the character of their brethren. Some time since, Penn. of the Louisville Advertiser, went to Washington to obtain the printing of the lower House of Congress; but the honest Mr. Blair "put his nose out of joint." Whereupon, Shadrach thus delivers himself, touching his Brother Jacobin:

"To draw by all possible means the largest amount from the Treasury, Blair seems to have been willing to sacrifice himself—his whole self—for, short of his impudence, vindictiveness, and vulgarity, there would not be enough of the unsightly walking skeleton left to constitute a whip-poor-will."

### SENTIMENTS OF HENRY CLAY.

[EXTRACTS FROM CLAY'S SPEECHES.]

"I shall stand erect, with a spirit unconquered, whilst life endures, ready to second the exertions of the People in the cause of Liberty, the Union, and NATIONAL PROSPERITY."

"The colors that float at the mast head should be the credentials of our Seamen."

"I am no friend of slavery. The searcher of all hearts knows that mine beats high and strong in the cause of civil liberty."

"No portion of your population is more loyal to the Union, than the hardy freemen of the West; they cling to it as their best, their greatest, their last support."

"The glorious Banner of our Country, with its unstained stars and stripes, still proud floats at its mast head—with stout hearts and strong arms, we can surmount all our difficulties. Let us rally around that Banner, and firmly resolve to perpetuate our liberties."

"I have no fears for the safety of the Union; whilst our liberties are preserved, it is a tough and strong cord, as all will find, who shall presumptuously attempt to break it."

"Our Agricultural is our greatest interest; it ought ever to predominate; all others should bend to it."

"The measure of the wealth of a Nation is indicated by the measure of its protection of its industry."

"Merchants, Mechanics, Traders, Laborers, never cease to recollect that without Freedom you can have no Commerce, or business, or that without laws, you can have no security for permanent liberty."

"This Government is to last, I trust, forever, we may at least hope it will endure until the wave of population, cultivation and in elligence, shall have washed the Rocky Mountains, and mingled with the Pacific."

"Nations, like men, fail in nothing which they boldly attempt, when sustained by virtuous purposes and firm resolution."

"Slavery.—If I could only be instrumental in eradicating this deep stain upon the character of our country, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction I should enjoy, for the honor of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror."

"Let us create a home market, to give further scope to the consumption of the produce of American Industry."

Mr. Clay was to have left Mobile on the evening of the 5th of March for Montgomery. He will spend a short time in that town, where, it is said, great preparations are being made for his reception, and then proceed on his journey to North Carolina, via Columbus, Augusta, Charleston, &c.

THE LATE MR. GILMER.—The Petersburg (Virginia) Intelligencer, in an article on the disaster on board the Princeton, pays the following beautiful tribute to the worth of the late THOMAS W. GILMER:

"While we sincerely lament the fate of all who perished, for his untimely end especially we feel the deepest sorrow. We mean THOMAS WALKER GILMER—a man whom it was impossible to know and not to love. Thrown into political opposition to him as we have been, and compelled some times to animadvert upon his course with freedom, no feeling of personal unkindness, as we are now gratified to be assured he well knew, ever mingled with our remarks, or affected one comma of our course; nor did it ever interfere, for a moment, with our social relations. A more gallant and generous spirit never ceased to beat, and many a tear will be shed over his grave, by those who have often met him in the stern conflicts of party strife. Peace to his ashes!"

DREADFUL STEAM BOAT ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We received a slip from the office of the New Orleans Picayune, by the Western mail last evening, dated 2d instant, which gives an account of the collision on the night previous, of the steamers De Soto and Buckeye, just below Atchafalaya, in consequence of which the latter sunk in less than five minutes. There were upwards of 300 souls on board, of which number between 60 and 80 were lost. Those saved escaped in their night clothes, the passengers all being asleep at the time of the accident. The scene is described as heart-rending beyond description. Mr. Alexander McKenzie, late of Florida, lost his wife, seven children and several negroes. Mr. John Blunt, also from Florida, lost his wife, one child and several negroes.—Savannah Republican.

The Philadelphia papers state that Mr. Nicholas Biddle has left a written history of his life, including all the interesting events of his connexion with the United States Bank. The book has soon to be published, and will doubtless create a sensation.

Mercury congelates at a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. Mr. Simpson and his party on their exploring expedition to the northern seas, made bullets of mercury when the thermometer was at 49 degrees, and on the 11th of March their spirit thermometer indicated 66 below zero.

A young man, who has just returned from a whaling voyage, has presented to Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, a cane made of the jaw bone of a sperm whale. The head of the cane was made from the tooth of an elephant.

A discovery has been made (says the Natchez Free Trader) that will enable sugar planters to convert their whole crops into white sugar without the usual intervention of the clarifying process. The sugar is fabricated in an apparatus entirely by steam.

The Speech of the Hon. ANDREW STEWART, of Pennsylvania, in Defence of Western Improvements, and reviewing the Principles and Policy of Martin Van Buren; to which is added his reply to the attack of Mr. Weller, is just published, and now ready for delivery, at the office of the Whig Standard—16 pages large octavo—price, \$12 50 per thousand.